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T H E

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A S C O T S

PASTORAL COMEDY:

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ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ALPHABETICAL GLOSSARY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. ROBERTSON,
(Successor to THO. and WAL. RUDDIMAN).

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
S U S A N N A H
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON;

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom among them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my *Pastoral* under your Ladyship's protection: if my Patroness says, the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the aukward censure of some pretended judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the COUNTESS of EGLINTON, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with all the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my Muse, to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY. Be that the

care of the herald and historian: 'tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes have made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration, and profoundest respect, for whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries a Sourplum of better sense than good-nature; but what occasion have you to tell us that the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the Poet's privilege, which is, *To speak what every body thinks*. Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life: but the Bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguish'd characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I should prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

*If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.*

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

And most devoted servant,

Edinburgh,
June 1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE
Countess of EGLINTON,

With the following

PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O EGLINTON! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy duteous Poet pays:
The Muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
Frequent guest to Scotia's blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her listening youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray:
Come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with Her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;
The cool evening negligently laid,
Near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and as thou hear'st approve,
The GENTLE SHEPHERD's tender tale of love.
Learn from these scenes, what warm and glowing fires
Flame the breast that real love inspires.
Delighted, read of ardors, sighs and tears;
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise,
That dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,
When first the fair one does her hate relent,
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent.
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In CHARLOT's smile, or in MARIA's frown.
With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such Nature first inspir'd,
Yet the fair affected phrase desir'd,

A

His

His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart;
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy EYIZA might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the *Rural State* bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure, alike from envy, and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet deprest by fear;
Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches vex it with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys;
No wild ambition interrupts its joys:
Blest still to spend the hours that Heaven has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content;
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair HUMEIA's soul.

But now the *Rural State* these joys has lost;
Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what Beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat,
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came a welcome guest:
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts.
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed,
Then dow'rless Beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of Lucre stain'd the gold of Love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood.
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblance Falsehood puts on Truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms;
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.

spanish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
 and Happiness forsakes the guilty swains.
 Oh Happiness ! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd ?
 Thin, sober and devout ! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head ?
 Virgin of aspect mild ! Ah, why, unkind,
 Thy't thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind ?
 Teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 There, with thy Sire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou, a duteous handmaid, wait,
 Familiar at the chambers of the great ?
 Hast thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball ?
 In the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Hast thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?
 Or with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk ?
 Or, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold ?
 Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much-lov'd power,
 Will musing silent at the morning hour ?
 Or say we thy presence hope in War's alarms,
 The statesman's wisdom, or the fair one's charms ?
 In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the power to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast ;
 But many passions must the blessing cost :
 Eternal Malice, inly pining Hate,
 And Envy, grieving at another's state ;
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Nor burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human bosom nurs'd,
 Can Peace reside in dwelling so accur'd ?
 Unlike, O EGLINTON ! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest :
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
 Pure in thy thought and spotless in thy deed.

In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind :
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
 How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame !
 Bold in thy presence bashful Sense appears,
 And backward Merit loses all its fears.

Supremely blest by Heaven, Heaven's richest grace
 Confest is thine, an early blooming race,
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,
 Divine instruction ! taught of thee to charm.
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart !
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest ;
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit, or the dance, to shine.
 Thrice happy, who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

Mean-while peruse the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native Poet's strains.
 In ancient garb the home-bred Muse appears,
 The garb our muses wore in former years.
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
 Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
 And virtuous love, the likeness of thy own ;
 While midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven,
 Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has giv'n,
 Let this, O EGLINTON ! delight thee most,
 T' enjoy that Innocence the world has lost.

ace

en,
,

W. H.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

ROGER, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.

SYMON,
GLAUD, } two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.

BAULDY, a hynd engaged with Neps.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's niece.

JENNY, Glaud's only daughter.

MAUSE, an old woman, supposed to be a witch.

ELSPA, Symon's wife.

MADGE, Glaud's sister.

SCENE *a shepherd's village and field, some few miles
from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, within **Twenty Hours.**

First Act begins at eight in the morning.

Second Act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third Act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at nine at night.

Fifth Act begins by day-light next morning.

T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

BENEATH the south side of a craigy bield,
Where christal springs the hale some waters yield,
Twa youthful shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tending their stocks ae bony morn of May.
For Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, the Wawking of the Faulds.*

PATIE.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It mak's me blythe and bauld,
And naithing gi'es me sic delight
As wawking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae fastly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest
By a' the rest, that she sings best ;
My Peggy sings sae fastly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.*

PATIE:

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jor'ial mood.
How heartsome is't to see the rising plants !
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants !
How halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care !
What ails thee, Roger, then ? What gars thee grane ?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate !
I'm born to strive with hardships, sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood ;
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the h
The faughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
E're scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say ; but it's no easy done
Be ane whafe faul's fae sadly out of tune.
You have sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a las's eye :

ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
and should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
and downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.

that be true, what signifies your gear?

mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,
three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:

winter last my carcs were very sma',

ho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,

less you wad los, and less ye wad repine.

that has just enough can soundly sleep,

he o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,

that thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a los:

may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,

that ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench;

all bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!

and awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute

the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,

plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,

dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:

be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool!

than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,

some other thing lyes heavier at my breast:

dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,

that gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,

to ane wha you and a' your secrets kens?

fast are your dreams, as dastly wade ye hide

your weel-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.

lak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,

and safely think nane kens them but your sell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, you have guess'd o'er true,

and there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.

the dorty Jenny looks upon asquint;

to speak but till her I dare hardly mint.

ilka place she jeers me air and late,

and gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate:

But

But yesterday, I met her yont a know,
 She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
 She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell o' tar.

Pat. But Bauldy looes not her, right weel I wat,
 He sighs for Neps,——sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd na loo her,——but in vain;
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
 My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
 Even while he fawn'd, she strack the poor dumb tyke:
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 Wi' a' her-face she shaws a caulrife scorn;
 Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte;
 Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
 Saebeins shte be sic a thrawn gabbit chuck?
 Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint a' hope,
 Gae till't your wa's, and tak the lover's lowp.

Rog. I need na mack sic speed my blood to spill,
 I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that filty whinging way,
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my las I loo as weel
 As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel:
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about,
 I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee,
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me:
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
 And she was close upon me e're she wist.
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her strait bare legs that whyter were than snaw.
 Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
 Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her e'en sae clear;
 And O! her mouth's like ony binay pear.

11. The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

11

at, neat she was, in bustin waistcoat clean,
 she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 withsome I cry'd, My bony Meg, come here;
 erly wherefore ye're sae soon after:
 I can guess ye're gawn to gather dew:
 e scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?
 en fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
 areless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 row, when that she saw, within a crack
 e came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
 ica'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog,
 wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 ough, and sae did she; then wi' great haste
 asp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
 out her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 sweetest kisses frae her glowan mouth.
 hile hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 y very saul came louping to my lips.
 r, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack;
 at weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 ar Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 ye sae too, and never fash your thumb:
 em to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 e woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

ANG II, *Tune*, Fy gar rub her o'er with strae.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simp'le face give way
 To a repulse;—then be not blate,
 Push boldly on, and win the day.*

*When maidens innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their e'en:
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

Rog.

New

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair-fa your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
 To hearten ane: for now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
 (My mither, rest her faul! she made it fine)
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawstock woo,
 Scarlet and green the fers, the borders blew,
 With sprains like gowd and filler, cross'd with black
 I never had it yet upo' my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, wha ha' sae kind
 Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Weel, hald ye there,—and since ye've fram'd
 To me a present of your braw new plaid, [m
 My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice,
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observe't;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bony spring;
 For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
 And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
 Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 To season meat with health, instead of spice.
 When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
 I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like my fell.

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*A flowrie bowm between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claitbs;
 A trotting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
 Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth and round;
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
 First please your eye, then gratifie your ear;
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 And Meg with better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habie's How,
There a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin

The water fa's, and makes a singan din;
The pool, breast-deep, beneath as clear as glafs,
Rises with easy whirls the bordering grafs;

We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
Here wash ourselfs——'Tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
If our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae? That jeering fallow Pate
Had taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight,
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane),
That gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?

The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger looes ye, yet ye care na by.

That ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day ere ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,
The herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.

He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon knots at his blew-bonnet lug,

Thilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;

He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:

Or a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bony day.*

Peg. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
Tired for love is unco fair to bide:

B

But

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld :
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld ?
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet:
 The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart another's leaving at the last.
 Fy, Jenny, think, and diana fit your time.

S A N G III. *Tune*, Polwart on the green.

*The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.
 The dawted bairn thus tak the pet,
 Nor eats, though hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.
 They jest it till the dinner's past,
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsel,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glows and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws.
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slavery like, and may be free;
 The chieles may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me I have a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, lass, how can you loo that rattleskull ?
 A very deel, that ay maun hae his will.
 We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life
 You twa will lead sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor hae I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,

I with pleasure mount my bridal bed,
 There on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head;
 Here he may kifs as lang as kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
 He's get his will: why no? 'Tis good my part
 To gie him that, and he'll gie me his heart.
 Ten. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days,
 Ask meikle o'ye, wi' an unco fraise,
 And dawt ye baith afore fowk, and your lane;
 But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
 The day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte;
 And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

ANG IV. *Tune*, O dear mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust to smiling;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betyde you.
 Losses, when their fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move

My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love,
 What to me is dearer than my breath,
 I want of him I dread nae iher skaith.
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green,
 As sic a smile, or sic twa glancing e'en;
 And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
 As words they thirle like music throw my heart;
 How blythly can he sport and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
 A day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is—but what need I say that or this?
 I spend a month to tell you what he is:

In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate,
His better sense will lang his love secure :
Ill-nature heffs in fauls wh'are weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be sad on my wedding day?

*How shall I be sad, when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae
Sour weak silly fellows, that study, like fools,
To sink their ain joys, and make their wives snools ?
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife ;
He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Jen. Hey, Bony Laffs of Branksome, or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O ! 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride ;
Syne whinging gets about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' faieous din :
To mak them brats then you maun toil and spin,
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' brue,
Ane braks his shin, anither tines his shoe ;
The deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster ; hame grows hell,
When Pate miscaws you war than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny ! can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee,
When a' they ettle at,—their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs ?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love maks care delight ?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill luck should begg'ry draw.
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—

The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvor buys your butter, woo, and cheefe,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent ;
Tis not to gie ; your merchant's to the bent.
His Honour maunna want ; he poinds your gear ;
Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer ?
Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single life :
Troth its nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she,
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
Nae mair's requir'd : let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray ;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For hale some, clean, cheap and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheefe, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald, to pay the laird his due :
Syne a' behind's our ain.——Thus without fear,
Wi' love and rowth we throw the warld will steer :
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rise,
He'll blifs the day he gat me to his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg.

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we.
Nor is the ferly great, when Nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind,
They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile :
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
 At een when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain;
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane:
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak aff:
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
 Good humour, and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
 That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single, (a state sae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune*, Nanfy's to the green-wood gane.

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying;
 For a' that we can do or say
 Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heartstrings leads us.*

Peg. Alake ! poor pris'ner ! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing tak the air :

Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good——for see, the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith——if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
But, when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
For this seems true, nae lass can be unkind. *[Exeunt,*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug thack house, before the door a green ;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byar,
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural squair.
The house is Glaud's——there you may see him lean,
And to his divet-seat invite his friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOD-MORROW, nibour Symon.—Come, sit down,
And gie's your cracks——What's a' the news in
town ?

They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And seld your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey :
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut-and-dry ;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a' my heart—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart with joy.
I cou'd na rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like slaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw——Ah, Symie ! rattling chiels ne'er
stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff hand,
Whilk soon flies round like willfire far and near :
But loose your pock, be't true or false let's hear.

Sym.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
 Hab, that abroad has with our master been,
 Our brave good Master, wha right wisely fled,
 And left a fair estate to save his head,
 Because ye ken-fou weel he bravely chose
 To shine, or set in glory with Montrose.
 Now Cromwell's gane to nick; and aye, ca'd Monk,
 Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
 Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune:
 And Habby says we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw;
 Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a'.
 And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
 They have been e'en a dreary time away.
 Now God be thanked that our Laird's come hame,
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
 Like greedy bairs, dar nae mair do't again,
 And good Sir William shall enjoy his ain.

S A N G VII. *Tune*, Cald kale in Aberdeen.

*Could be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest'd be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high his station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king, and nation.*

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
 Us in our thriving, with a rackit rent;
 Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
 Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
 Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

“ Put on your bonnet, Symon——tak a feat——

“ How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa? how does Kate?

“ How sells black cattle?—What gi'es woo this year?
 And sic-like kindly questions wad he spear.

S A N

SANG VIII. Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byar,

*The laird wha in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
To rise aboon poverty :
Else like the pack-horse that's unfather'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint ;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen

The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gar'd me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day ;
We'll send for Elspith too—and upo' sight
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown ;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wad na bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it had na first of a' been mine :

For hier-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut ;
Yestreen I slew twa wethers prime and fat ;
A furlot of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reestling in the nook.
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat, that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton book to boil ;—and ane we'll roast ;
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost ;
Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fou nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn of spice.

Pat are the puddings,—heads and feet weel fung ;

And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome hame.

Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.

Bring wi' ye a' your family, and then,
Whene'er you like I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud.

Glaud. Spoke like your fell, Auld birky; never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear:
Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, said I? — Troth I'm younger be a score
With this good news, than what I was before:
I'll dance or e'en! Hey, Madge, come forth—D'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here:
What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! Snuff: gae break your wheel, and burn
your tow,
And set the meikleft peet-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed! — And wha was't tald
you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you? — gae get my Sunday's coat
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak yourself as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge; and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*The open field — a cottage in a glen —
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end —
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With faulded arms, and half-rais'd looks ye see*

BAULDY his lane.

Baul. What's this! — I canna bear't! — 'Tis wae
than hell,
To be fae burnt wi' love, yet dar na tell!

O Peggy ! sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay,
 Plyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
 Straighter than ought that in the forest grows :
 Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines ;
 The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen !
 For Pate looes her !—waes me ! and she looes Pate ;
 And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow !——O ! but ane be a beast,
 That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest.
 I dar na speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
 'Tis fair to thole !——I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantrips, and gie me advice.
 She can o'ercastr the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours o'er the kirkyards she raves,
 And howks uncristen'd weans out o' their graves ;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 And withershins about the hemlock low ;
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
 To fix wi' the venom of black tairs and snakes.
 Of this, unfonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates ;——and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire :
 Luck fou o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe : ay, ay, she kens fou weel,
 When ane, like me, comes rinning to the deil.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard :
 To speak my errand, faith, amaisht I'm fear'd :
 But I maun do't, tho' I shou'd never thrive :
 They gallop fast that deils and lassies drive.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*A green kail-yard, a little font,
Where water poplan springs,
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle, an the King comes.*

MAUSE.

*Peggy, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the King's come,
Nae mair the hawk es shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. How does auld honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hail and fere at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the fin.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith—but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mause. My helping hand! alake, what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ah, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tell a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and fell
Ye'll may be tak it ill, gif I foud tell.

Mause. What fowk say of me, Bauldy! let me hear
Keep naithing up, ye naithing hae to fear.

Baul. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell you a'
That ilka ane speaks about you, but a flaw.

When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn,
 When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
 When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
 When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
 When Bessy Frettock's chuffy cheekit wean
 To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane;
 When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 And tint himsell amaisht amang the snaw;
 When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night;
 When Bassy shot to dead upon the green;
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilka ane here dreads you round about:
 And fae they may that mean to do ye skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
 You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

Mause. I thank ye lad.—Now tell me your demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then I like Peggy—Neps is fond of me—
 Peggy likes Pate—and Patie's bauld and slee,
 And looes sweet Meg—but Neps I downa see:—
 Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
 Peggy's to me—I'd be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
 Sae gang your ways, and come again at night.
 Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth a' your pease and grots, tak ye nae care.

Baul. Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
 But if you raise the deel, he'll raise the wind;
 Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
 We're a' to rant in Symmie's at a feast,
 O will ye come like Badrans, for a jest;
 And there ye can our different 'haviours spy?
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past
 Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I ought o' your secrets e'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka night to France. [Exit Baul.

Mause

Maufe her lane.] Hard luck, alake ! when poverty
and eild,

Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,
Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch
Gie ane the hatefu' name, *a wrinkled witch*.
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' *auld Nick*,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear ;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now since the royal Charles, and right's restor'd,
A shepherdess is daughter to a lord.
The bony foundling that's brought up by Glaud,
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to th' usurper, and her death design'd,
To establish him and his in a' these plains,
That by right heritage to her pertains.
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms.
Nane-kens't but me ;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb. [Exit]

S C E N E IV.

P R O L O G U E.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
Patie and his Peggy meet :
In love, without a vicious strain,
The bony lass, and cheerfu' swain,
Change vows, and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay ;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away. |
Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon ; now we're our lane,
And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane ;
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Har

Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds fough through the reeds.

Peg. The scented meadows,—birds,—and healthy breeze,

For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;

In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind;

Gif I could fancy aught sae sweet or fair

As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,

Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear.

Thy words excel the maist delightful notes,

That warble thro' the merl' or mavis throats.

Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,

Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.

The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,

Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech;

And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.

Adarna stay—Ye joker, let me gang,

Another lass may gar you change your sang,

Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mither shall her fondness drap,

And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap.

The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,

The gaits to climb—the sheep to yield the fleece,

Ere ought by me be either said or done,

Shall do thee wrang, I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will swear,

And be mansworn to twa in half a year.

Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;

But if another lass your heart should steal,

Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate

How she was dawted ayes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;

Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.

I mind it weel, when thou cou'd hardly gang,

Or lisp out words, I chus'd ye frae the thrang

O' a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,

Aft to the tansy-know, or rashy-strand,

Thou smiling by my side—I took delyte

To pou the rashes green, with roots sae whyte,

Of which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peg. When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bucht at even I met wi' thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the flane,
And wan the day, my heart was fighting fain;
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings fast the *Broom of Cowdenknows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the ewes*;
There's nane, like Nanfy, *Jenny Nettles* sings;
At turns in *Maggy Lawder*, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings wi' sweeter skill,
The Boatman, or *the Lass o' Patie's mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me,
Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
And roos'd by them we love, blows up the fire;
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy:
Be still as now, and a' my cares shall be
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at the
acting as follows.*

S A N G. X. Tune, The yellow-hair'd Ladie.

PEGGY.

*When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.*

PATIE

PATIE.

*When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather bel's
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier or brechens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee,*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can patt, wrestle, or run swift as thee:*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings softly the Cowden broom-knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the ewes,
There's few Jenny Nettles, like Nanfy, can sing;
At Throw the wood ladie, Bess gars our lugs ring;
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To mak mysell better and sweeter for thee.*

Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave,
At naught they'll ferly—senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly heights, for trifles grieve.

at the Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.

adie. But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.

Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed—But harken! yon's auld aunty's cry;
ken they'll wonder what 'can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiss,
Or fivefcore good anes wad na be amiss;

And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire. ———

Pat. ——— Weel, I agree.

S A N G XI. *To its own tune,*

PATIE sings.

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, that smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as weel as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY sings.

*But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's doon.
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sow'r.*

PATIE sings.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upo' the tree,
Their sweetness they may tyne, and sae may ye.
Red checked ye comp'etely ripe appear,
And I have tholl'd and woo'd a lang haff-year.*

PEGGY singing, falls into Patie's arms.

*Then dinna pou me, gently thus I fu'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a';
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace:*

PATIE, with his left hand about her waist.

*O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares away!
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-long day.
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the wastlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post, Time, away,
And haste about our bridal-day;
And if you're weary'd, honest Light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time.
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a padlar been:
But whisht, it is the knight in masquerade.
That comes, bid in this cloud, to see his lad:
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Through his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands,
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls.
My gardens once adorn'd, the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet,
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks,
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No Jaccacinths or Eglintines appear.
How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
Where Peach and Nect'rine branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use?
All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd:—and now my joy
Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my Boy,

My

My only prop and object of my care,
 Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair,
 Him, e'er the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth,
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day,
 Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free!
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

Or sung as follows:

SANG XII. *Tune, Happy Clown*

Hid from himself, now by the dawn,
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
 After his bleating flocks,
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day,
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisie,
 Where truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfully'd with a crime;
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now, tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And viffy't round and round,
 There's naught superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean : a clear peat ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green-horn spoons beech-luggies mingle,
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young ourfells—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.

Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bad.
 Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cleverest o' them a'.

Elspa. Poor man !—he's a great comfort to us baith,
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
 That gae us ne'er vexation, late or air.

Glaud. I trow, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty tane,
 And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
 As ye weel ken ; a bonnyer needna be,
 Nor better—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha, Glaud ! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
 My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch ;
 And or he were, for reasons I'll nae tell,
 I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools my sell.

Glaud. What reason can ye hae ? There's nane I'm surc,
 Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor :
 But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
 I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind ;
 Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
 Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,

I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glauf, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days, likely he shall learn,
That our denial does na slight his bairn.

Glauf. Weel nae mair o't—come, gie's the other bend
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glauf—by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-side ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glauf. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic flawy
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, and syne whups out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gies our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard;
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day. [*Ex. Jen.*]
But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

Glauf. Spaeman!—The truth of a' their saws I doubt
For greater liars ne'er ran thereout.

Returns JENNY, bringing Sir WILLIAM; with the
PATIE.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle—here tak a seat.

Sir Will. I gie ye thanks, Goodman, I'fe no be blate
[*Glauf drinks.*] Come, t'ye, Friend—How far cam
ye the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, Nibour, e'en but little way.
Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay a night wi' me,
and tak sic bed and board as we can gie.

Sir Will. That's kind unfought. Weel, gin ye hae a
bairn

that ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn,
shall employ the farthest of my skill
to spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym. pointing to Patie.] Only that lad, alake! I hae
nae mae,

either to mak me joyful now, or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand.—What
gars ye sneer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the point;—but, billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Betooch us to!—and weel a wat that's true;
awa', awa'! the deel's o'er grit wi' you.

Your inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd
but a short while, he'll be a bra' rich laird.

Elspa. A laird!—hear ye, Goodman,!—what think
ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken! strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode o' wealth;
come turn the timber to laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

Pat. A laird o' twa good whistles and a kent,
twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
as a' my great estate,—and like to be;

ae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie; let the man look o'er your hand;
oft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counter-
seits falling into a trance, while they endeavour
to lay him right.*]

Elspa. Preserve's! the man's a' warlock, or posselt
wi' some nae good,—or second-sight at least,
Where is he now?—

Glaud. He's seeing a' that's done,
in ilka place, beneath, or yont the moon.

Elspa.

Elspa. These second-sighted fowks, His peace be here
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb!—Wow, can he tell,
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves
And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better.—*Elspa,* haste ye, ga
And fill him up a tafs o' Usquebae.

Sir William starts up, and speaks.

“ A Knight that for a LYON fought
“ Against a herd of bears,
“ Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
“ In which some thousands shares:
“ But now again the LYON rares,
“ And joy spreads o'er the plain,
“ The LYON has defeat the bears,
“ The Knight returns again.
“ That Knight in a few days shall bring
“ A shepherd frae the fauld,
“ And shall present him to his king,
“ A subject true and bauld.
“ He, Mr Patrick shall be call'd :—
“ All you that hear me now,
“ May weel believe what I have tald,
“ For it shall happen true.”

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the deel,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men.
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
The wimpl'd meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to see how Sym believes,
And taks for gospel what the spaeman gives,

OF flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate,
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' carl, for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Weel, be't sae, friend; I shall say naithing mair,
But I've twa sonfy lasses, young and fair,
Plump-ripe for men: I wish you cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir Wil. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darknes black the bent.
I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening, calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tow'r, to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire,——
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a space, and see the young anes play;
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame;
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And throw his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight they meet,
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!*

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

D

Jen.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I green,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een;
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en and morn.
Ah! could I looe you less, I'd happy be,
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jen. I looe my father, Cousin Meg I love,
But to this day, nae man my heart could move;
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me,
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—say na that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in gieing pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

Jen. Ye hae my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and ev'ry thing!
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gie consent,
Than we our daffin and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife as he would buy a mare;
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou should scorn) still to delyte in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can sa'!
But girning marriage comes, and ends them a'.
I've seen wi' shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies:
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile,
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night;
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase and join the ocean without stain:

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile,
Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain;

For I maun own, since now at last you're free,

Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company,

And ever had a warmness in my breast,

That made you dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—

This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.

Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd

With wondering love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.

Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,

And ferly at the quick return of day!

O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,

And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows.

SANG XIII. *Tune, Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,

You shou'd nae mair complain;

The easy mind, beset with love,

Few words will quickly gain:

For I must own now since you're free,

This too fond heart of mine

Has lang, a black-sol'e true to thee,

Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, oh! let my head

Upon thy breast recline;

The pleasure strikes me near hand dead;

Is Jenny then fae kind! ———

*O let me brifs thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine;
Delytsu' thought; we'll never part,
Come prefs thy mouth to mine.*

Jen. With equal joy my faster heart gies way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

Jen. Weel, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent,——he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye have what will commend you to him weel,
Auld fowks like them that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV. *Tune, O'er Bogie.*

*Weel, I agree, ye're sure of me;
Next to my father gae;
Mak him content to gie consent,
He'll hardly say you nay;
For you hae what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.
Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain,
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will hae nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree:
And if ye prove faithfu' in love,
You'll find nae faut in me.*

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As many newcal in my byars rowt;
Five packs of woo' I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a heartso ne house, and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.

They

They left me a', which now gies joy to me,
Because I can gie a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.
My love and a' is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best—but see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg;—besides, I maunna stay;
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool.
Keep tryft, and meet me there, there let us meet,
To kifs and tell our love—there's nought sae sweet,

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
Within the gallery of the place,
Where a l looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the Baron shown his face;
But joking with his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wil. To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending generous aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY is our master's name,
Wha fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

*[Sir William draps his masked beard,
Symon, transported, sees
The welcome Knight with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.]*

My Master! my dear Master!—do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith,
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants sight,
To bless his Son, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir Wil. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy :
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise ;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock ;——neist my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty——Since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends,—which gies their fauls a cast,
And turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, you hae spoken true,
For there's Laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few ;
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name :
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp o' manners as o' sense and grace,
Oppressing all, as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin :
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family, as to gie him trust,

Sir Wil. Such useless branches of a commonwealth
Shou'd be lopt off, to give a state mair health.
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son :
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse ;
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the longest simmer day
Wad be o'er short——cou'd I them right display.
In word and deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' sight he rins before the lave :
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell wha's cause is best :
And his decree stands good ;——he'll gar it stand ;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir Wil.

Sir Wil. Your tale much pleases:—my good friend proceed:

What learning has he? can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for troth I did na spare
To gie him at the school enough of lair:
And he delytes in books:—he reads and speaks,
Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Wil. Where gets he books to read? and of what kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives his sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, fangs or sport;
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,
He asten speaks, and ca's them best of men.
How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his King,
He kens fou weel, and gars their verses ring.
Sometimes thought he made o'er great a fraise
About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir Wil. He answer'd well, and much ye glad mine ear.
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind|
Above a Lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that fae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our fell.

Sir Wil. Well jested, Symon;—but one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then gie o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves:
Has no young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, or caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, butt kend the sma'est part,
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
With Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet;

I had my fears, but now hae nought to fear,
 Since, like yourself, your son will soon appear
 A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
 May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
 Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
 None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
 Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
 They come just at the time I gave command :
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress ;
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
 There's nane can know that is not downright me.

[*Exit Symon*]

Sir Wil. solus.] When th' event of hopes successfully
 appears,

One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream :
 When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.

But from his rustick business and his love,
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove
 To courts and camps, that may his soul improve :
 Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 Till artful polishing has made it shine ;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

S A N G XV. *Tune,* Wat ye wha I met yestreen

Now from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn :
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shews his light,
 Till polishing has made it shine ;
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

ACT IV. SCENE I

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page,

Glaud's onset——Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MAUSE.

OUR Laird's come hame, and owns young Pate his
heir,

That's news indeed!——

Madge. ——As true as ye stand there:
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Among us came, cry'd, Had ye merry a'.
We ferly'd meikle at his unco' look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book;
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een,
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee Tod Laurie hads without his mow,
When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backward in a pool.

In short he did for Pate bra' things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;

At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,

You'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome Master——round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for——Happy lad is he!

Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me:

We'll hear out a' the secret story soon

And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,

To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,

Na, no sae meikle as to Pate-himself.

Out

Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

Maufe. It may be sae, wha kens ? and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted is great pain ;
Ev'n kings hae ta'en a queen out o' the plain,
And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense ! Love tak root but tocher-good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood !
Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be ;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Maufe. Gif Patè forsake her, Bauldy she may gain,
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain,
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her ! slaverin doof ! it sets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till !
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young Master see——

Maufe. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he ;
And so wad I :—But whisht ! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

*Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't,
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher good,
For my tocher good I winna marry thee :
E'en's ye like quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.*

Madge. Well liltit, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

Baul. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

Sings again.

*I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae seven good owfen gangin in a plough,
Gangin in a plough, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can lat ye be.*

*I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byar,
A peat-stack 'fore the door, we'll mak a rantin fire ;
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry sall we be
And gin ye winna tak me, I can lat ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell :
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free ;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to lat me be.*

I trow sae,—lassies will come to at last,
Though for a while they maun their snawba's cast.

Maufe. Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?——

Baul.

Baul. ——— Faith, unco right ;

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask ?

Baul. To find out that is nae difficult task.

Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate turn'd Patrick and Sir William's heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe stand be,

While Meg's in dumps, pit in a word for me ;

I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,

Lefs wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time your heart to her was sworn.

Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard ;

What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd ?

The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,

That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae grey a gate,

Nor will she be advis'd, fou weel I wate.

Baul. Sae grey a gate ! mansworn ! and a' the rest ;

Ye leed, *auld roudes*,—and in faith had best

Eat in your words, else I thall gar ye stand

Wi' a het face afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand, ye shevelling gabit brock !

Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,

Can slipe the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,

That I'm mansworn,——I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,

And shou'd be serv'd as his good-breeding claims.

Ye filthy dog ! ——

[*Flies to his hair like a fury—a stout battle.—Maufe endeavours to redd them*]

Maufe. Let gang your grips ! Fy, Madge ! howt
Bauldy, leen.

I wadna wish this tuilzie had been seen,

'Tis sae daft-like.——

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.*]

Madge.——'Tis dafter like to thole

An ethercap like him to blaw the coal.

It

Baul.

It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns hae seen.

Maufe. That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame
To ca' Madge aught but her ain christen'd name.

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld roudes! Filthy fallow, I shall auld ye

Maufe. Howt no;—ye'll e'en be friends wi' hone
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands, this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgie him; I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Maufe, I hae at Madge nae spite
But she abusing first was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.
Vow and loup back!—Was ere the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him deil! he's o'er lang out o' hell.

Baul. running off.] His presence be about us! cur
were he,
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

[Exit Bauldy.]

Madge laughing.] I think I've towzl'd his harrigals
wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wou'd mint to serve
A lassie fae he does but ill deserve.

Maufe. Ye town'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't
His bleeding snout ga'e me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that scant o' grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch!—how had ye patience this to bear
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Maufe. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
mine,
Obliges folks resentment to decline,

Till oft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supply:
Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark,
Synne bade him come, and we shou'd gang to wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his tryft; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll hae, as I protest;
We'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist,
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin cloud shines red with setting light.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks through the broom wi' Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.*

PATIE and ROGER.

Rog. Wow, but I'm cadgie, and my heart louns light!
O Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right.
Sure gentle folks are farer seen than we,
That naething hae to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind,—she heard,—I spake again;
She smil'd,—I kifs'd,—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain,
Pat. I'm glad to hear't:—but O, my change this day,
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave:

E

With

With looks all kindness, words that love confest,
 He all the father to my soul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly breast.
 Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth !
 Who set too soon !—and while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail.
 That speechless lang my late-kend Sire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd,
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
 The happy son of ane so much renown'd,
 But he has heard—too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids—Ah ! this confounds my peace,
 While, thus to beat, my heart must sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand,
 But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty and hasten reason plead his cause ;
 But what cares Love for Reason, rules and laws ?
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
 And part of my new happiness repells.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVI. *Tune, Kirk wad let me be:*

*Duty and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parents side,
 Which love superior calls treason ;
 The strongest must be obey'd :
 For now tho' I'm ane o' the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels,
 For change in my heart is no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Rog. Enjoy them baith——Sir William will be won ;
 Your Peggy's bony——you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
 And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.

I'll

I'll wed nane else, through life I will be true ;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master and your sell to stay
Amang us here ?—Or are you gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts ?

Pat. To Edinburgh strait to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance ;
And twa three other monkey tricks :—that doon,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon,
Then 'tis design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.

But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes folk to keep.*—

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning's thought, at night's
the same ;

The poor and rich but differ in the name.

Content's the greatest blifs we can procure

Frae boon the list :—without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like your's yields bra' content,
When we but pick it scanty on the bent :

Fine claiths, soft beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, and ease ;
Wha's no content wi' the' are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their blifs :

The passions rule the roast ;—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour.

The spleen, tint honour and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.

The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowks o'erlaid wi' ease ;

While o'er the muir the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halefome air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I harken to your flights.
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill
These best can teach what's real good or ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy;
Faith, I've hae books, though I should sell my ky:
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride;
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here,
I sent for Peggy; yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy. [*Exit Roger.*]

Pat. solus.] Wi' what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she loes, and her fast saul will sink
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment.—Heaven support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care!
Her eyes are red.——

Enter PEGGY.

——My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as you wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I darna think fae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost,
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown.

I false

I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love, as weel as to obey.
Sir William's gen'rous; leave the task to me
To mak strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief,
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I! poor me!—with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate:
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest;
Nae mair be envy'd by the tatling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me when I danc'd or sang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay,
As aft times I have fled frae thee right fain,
And fa'n on purpose that I might be tane:
Nae mair around the Foggynow I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow——'t wil help to give me ease,
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVII. *Tune,* Waes my heart that we should
sunder.

*Speak on—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
Alack, poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
Nae mair the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.*

Pat. Sure Heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithful love.
 If at my foot were crowns and sceptres laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as hae the patience to be kings.
 Wherefore that tear? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life but little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away till thou with joy appear.
 And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
 To make me fitter for my traveller's arms.
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud; he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
 Where I may manners learn——

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVIII. *Tune, Tweedside.*

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.*

Whit

Where-e'er my love travels by day,
 Where-ever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.
 With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height is becoming thy wife.
 For beauty that's only skin-deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of May,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

Pat. ——— That's wisely said;
 And what your uncle wares shall be weel paid.
 Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets may gain a prince's heart;
 Yet now, left in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend,
 Affect a' times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;
 Pay compliments to them we a' have scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still;—but I'll be ought with thee.

Pat. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
 With gentry's apes; for still among the best,
 Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
 Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
 Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
 For watna whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love;
But soon as I've shook off my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With every setting day and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Sucklar-brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
And to the Hissel-Shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours,

Or sung as follows.

SANG XIX. *Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

*At setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,
By green-wood shaw, or fountain,
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees, and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.*

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my power with better bods to please,
I'd gie the best I cou'd wi' the same ease:
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fa'en to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat.

Pat. I doubt it not ; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime ;
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis wi' kisses on the heart imprest. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy flares like ane posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest :
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes foreward to the jot.*

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
When drowsy Sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r ?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wan ?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand !

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail ;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane :
Alack ! I'll never be my fell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it ! Symon, O Symon, O !

[*Symon gives him a drink.*]

Sym. What ails thee, gowk !—to mak sae loud ado ?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed,
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd : I hear his tred.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Wil. How goes the night ? Does day-light yet appear ?

Symon, you're very timeously after.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest ;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist.

Baul. O ay !—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to mak my 'plaint to you.

Sir Wil. smiling.] I lang to hear't.—

Baul.

Baul. ——— Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe,
 That wins aboon the hill, amang the haws,
 First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
 To gain a bony thrawart lassie's heart:
 As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
 But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
 For the curst hag, instead o' doing me good,
 (The very thoughts o't's like to freeze my blood!)
 Rais'd up a ghaist, or deel, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk;
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 Lows'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I wout to be at school.
 My heart out o' its hool was like to lowp;
 I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
 Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;
 Syne I, haf dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help, to gie the deel his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

Sir Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your Honour, soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantrips that bring up the deel.

[Exit Bauldy.]

Sir Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt;
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
 That is, thro' want of education, blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing
 As witches raising deels up thro' a ring,
 Syne playing tricks? A thousand I could tell,
 Could never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
 Amongst a few auld women, craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp,
 O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,

Appearing

Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow;
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstuffs ride;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs and stools:
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
But Maufe, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet, and very honest life.
That gars me think this hobleflew that's past,
Will land in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Wil. I'm sure it will;—but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night:
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

S A N G XX. Bony grey-ey'd morn.

*The bony grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day:
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his leuce,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pagentry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain;
Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate,* [Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blow snood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek;
The rising sun shines mottly through the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light;
Nae doubt ye now intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick, or he gang:
But do ye think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landward lasses will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor:
But yesterday he gae us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag o' being a rake.

Peg. A rake, what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I hae tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought o' the affair:
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare:
A rake's a graceless spark that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us think sin to name.
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they hae had the clap.
They'll tempt young things like you with youdith flush'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gie
Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too like him be good?

Glaud.

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we,
But thinner fawn; they're sae puff'd up wi' pride,
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard mysell
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd!
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a god.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

ight,

Nor hope, nor fear, but curse, debauch, and drink.
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gaits will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid!—na, he kens better things;
But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

re,

or:

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the
gate,

ain;

To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house, the Knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff.—Madge, lock the
outer-door,

And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll stap before.

[Exit Glaud.]

ght ill,

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like
ere seen,

hush'd,

How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een?
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cros;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-wun hay;
To leave the green-swaired dance, whan we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.

d;

But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send in hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?
That's no my faut that I'm nae gent'ler born.

Glaud.

Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
 I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
 Now since he rises, why should I repine?
 If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:
 And than the like has been, if the decree
 Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bony story, troth!—but we delay;
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe,
 Attend, and with loud laughter hear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause;
 For now 'tis tell'd him that the tawse
 Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
 Because he brake good breeding's laws,
 And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

Sir Wil. And was that all?—Well, Bauldy, ye was
 serv'd

No otherways than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd,
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my faut, thro' a' the steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Maufe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
 I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it weel,
 But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel;
 Yet wi' your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a flee and a revengefu' ———
 And that my *someplace* finds; but I had best
 Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaist,
 And the young bony witch, whase rose cheek
 Sent me without my wit the deel to seek.

Enter

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir Wil. looking at Peggy.] Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,

With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud? —

Glaud. — Sir, she's my niece, —
And yet she's not: — but I should had my peace.

Sir Wil. This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! — Pr'ythee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt if I should mak appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year.

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Wil. Speak soon, I'm all impatience! —

Pat. — So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then since my master orders, I obey. —

ye was This bony foundling, ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round
In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make:
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warfe than brutes, could leave expos'd to air,
Ae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Ae helpless young? For she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmounds auld to be.
I took her in my arms, the bairny smil'd,
Wi' sic a look wad made a savage mild,
Bid the story; she has past sincefyne,
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's well worth the pains that I hae tane.
I see she's bony, I can swear she's good,
And I'm right sure she's come of gentle blood,
Of whom I kenna. — Naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Enter

F 2

Sir Wil.

Sir Wil. This tale seems strange !——

Pat. ———The tale delights my ear !

Sir Wil. Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

Mause. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid all be hush,
Peggy may smile,—thou hast no cause to blush,
Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth give way ;
That I may now Sir WILLIAM WORTHY name
The best and nearest friend that she can claim ;
He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Wil. Old woman, do not rave ;——prove what you say ;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when she's so near her grave ?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I ev'ry thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd ! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mause. Sir, view me well ; has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face, that you have often view'd,
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand !
And stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir Wil. Ha, honest nurse ! where were my eyes before ?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more.
Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind ?

Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece, truth must prevail :
But no more words till Mause relate her tale.

Patie. Good nurse, go on, nae musick's ha'f sae fine,
Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's long, but I the secret knew,
How they pursued, with avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess'd :
All this to me a confident confess'd.
I heard with horror, and, with trembling, dread
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all was sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I fastly press'd,
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
All day I hid me,—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains ;
Then fear of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
Remember well, how I, that very day,
Frae Roger's father took my little cove.
Glaud, with tears of joy happing down his beard.] I well
remember't : LORD reward your love.

Lang have I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt ;—my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, with paternal love, survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows, and would, though still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Wil. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick ; now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace and kneel to Sir William.*

Patie. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir William raises them.] I give you both my blessings;
may your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm half dizzy with the blest surprise:
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had!
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy, while Heaven grant he on them remains!

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie:
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate:
For his sake only I'll ay-thankful bow,
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for you of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you!
Ev'n Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawze, and pawky Maufe's plot.

Sir Wil. Kindly old man,—remain with you this day
I never from these fields again will stray:
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I've heard this twenty year
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud

Glaud. God save the king, and save Sir William lang!
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherds' sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Baul. I'm friends wi' Maufe,—wi' very Madge I'm
'greed,

Although they skelpit me when woodly flead.
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live!*

Mause. Lang may he live!—and Bauldy, learn to steek
Your gab a-wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll with the youngest of you rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bony bairn!

Peg. No other name I'll ever for you learn.—
And my good nurse, how shall I grateful be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me!

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Wil. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs I give in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your Honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove!

Pat. presenting Roger to Sir William.] Sir, here's
my trusty friend, that always thar'd

My bosom secrets ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter Jennet, (Jenny, think nae shame),
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spoke and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Will

Sir Wil. My son's demand is fair,—Glaud let me crave,
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I'll make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You croud your bounties, Sir, what can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your Honour wills I shall obey. }

Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing tak,
And still our Master's right your bus'ness mak;
Please him, be faithfu', and this auld grey head
Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Nor ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

Sir Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave:
Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
And aft when hopes are highest we're beguil'd.
Aft when we stand on brink of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joys dispels our care,
Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear. }

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey;
I'll sing you ane the newest that I hae.

S A N G XXI. *Tune,* Corn rigs are bony.

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome middle size,
He's comely in his wa'king,
The shining of his een surprize,
'Tis heav'n to hear him ta'king.*

*Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.*

Act V.
crave,

say, }

have,

; }

Act V. The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

69

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing since syne,
O corn rigs are bony.

Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting;
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chasterly should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to towzle air or late,
While corn rigs are bony.

[Exeunt omnes.]

5 AP 66

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A COMPLETE Alphabetical GLOSSARY:

OR,

EXPLANATION of the SCOTS WORDS:

A	B	
A' , all.	B ield, a place of shelter from the weather.	Barlickhoods, freaks, humours, whims.
Aboon , above.	Bairns, children	Brats, clothes, also rags.
Ane , one.	Blyther, more joyful.	Broe broth.
Anes , once.	Blythsome, glad.	Bleeze, flame, also lustre.
Ablins , perhaps.	Blythncfs, joy.	Bleezing, flaming, blazing.
Awn , own, acknowledge.	Bony, handsome, pleasant.	Bigonets, head dress.
Asteer , stirring.	Baith, both.	Begunk, a trick or stratagem.
Anither , another.	Bught, sheepfold.	Bairs, bears.
A-will of itself, of its own accord.	Byar, cowhouse.	Bedeem, instantly.
A-thought , a little.	Braw, brave, fine, gaudy.	Bow or boll, a measure equal to a sack.
A-jee , on one side.	Bein, rich, well furnished.	Beuk, back'd.
Auld , old.	Briis, to press or bruise.	Bouk, carcase.
An , if.	Bombaze, to confound or affright.	Bauld, bold.
Air , early.	Blate, shame-fac'd.	Bicker, bowl or cup.
Aften , often.	Buttin, white dimitty.	Bobit, lac'd.
Ain , own.	Bade, bid.	Brint, burnt.
Aff , off.	Bannocks, a sort of bread.	Blob, a globe or drop.
Airth , quarter or corner of the World.	Be, by.	Bot, without.
Aiths , oaths.	Eraes, billocks.	Beck, becking, basking.
Amairst , almost.	Burn or burnie, a rivulet.	Busk, adorn, dress.
Awa' , away.	Birks, birch-trees.	Bootless, in vain.
Alane , alone; his lane, by himself; her lane, by herself.	Bratling, running down, or falling hastily.	Belt girdle.
Aneath , beneath.	Bide, to bear, abide, endure.	Blaeberries, blueberries.
Att-times , oft-times, oftentimes.		Blaw, blow.
Albeit , albeit, alibo'.		Bands, hinges.
A-wie , a little.		Bend, cup or draught.
Ay , ever.		Betooch us, preserve us.
		Bent, a field.
		Baugh,

- Baugh, *simple, of a pitiful look.*
 Brock, *a badger.*
 Ban, *to curse.*
 Brecks, *breeches.*
 Bourd, *to dally or tamper with.*
 Brankand, *gay, also prancing.*
 Bairnie, *a little child.*
- C**
- Cawler, *fresh, cool.*
 Craig, *a rock.*
 Craigy, *rocky.*
 Chirm, *chirp. or sing.*
 Crove, *a little butch, or lodge.*
 Corbies, *ravens.*
 Cleek, *to catch, or hook up.*
 Clute, *the hoof.*
 Canty, *merry.*
 Cou'dna, *could not.*
 Caulrite, *cold, chilly.*
 Cockernony, *the hair bound up in a puff.*
 Cadgy, *merry, gay.*
 Claiiths, *clothes.*
 Cauld, *cold.*
 Coots, *boobies.*
 Canny, *lucky, happy.*
 Coft, *bought.*
 Chiels, *fellows.*
 Cleck, *hatch.*
 Ca', *call.*
 Ca'd, *or caw'd, called.*
 Cottars, *cottagers.*
 Curn, *a little quantity.*
 Cry, *to call, or a call.*
 Cantrips, *magic spells and diabolical arts.*
 Cry'd, *call'd on.*
 Clim, *climb.*
 Canna, *cannot.*
 Crack, *to chat.*
 Cast, *the mein or gesture.*
 Cast up, *to throw in to one's teeth, to upbraid.*
- D**
- Cawfs, *calves.*
 Clatteran, *prating, chattering.*
 Cancart, *il-natur'd, peevish.*
 Carle, *old man.*
 Cawk, *chalk.*
 Chitter, *to gnash with the teeth, shivering.*
 Crap, *crept.*
- E**
- Doil'd, *bewitch'd, infatuated, dizzy, giddy.*
 Dyvours, *bankrupts.*
 E Tile, *to attempt, or aim at.*
 Een, *eyes; also even or night.*
 Eistlin, *eastern.*
 Eith, *eithly easily.*
 Eild, *old age.*
 Eit-shot, *planet-struck.*
 East, *eastward.*
 Elwand, *a stick, the measure of an ell.*
 Even, *to impute to one, to compare, to liken.*
 Ergh, *to dread, or be afraid of.*
 Elte, *already.*
 Ettercap, *wasp.*
 Elritch, *wild or ghastly.*
- F**
- Rae, *from.*
 Fou, *full; also drunk.*
 Ferlie, *a wonder; also to wonder.*
 Fouth, *plenty, many.*
 Flet, *folded.*
 Fair fa', *well fare.*
 Fa', *fall.*
 Fellow, *fellow.*
 Fald, *to fold.*
 Feckless, *trifling.*
 Feigntan, *fighting.*
 Fraise, *talk, speech.*
 Fowk, *folks.*
 Flyte, *to cold.*
 Fell, *cunning or prudent. Sometimes it is applied to diabolical arts.*
 Fasheous, *troublesome.*
 Feg, *fig.*
 Fae, *foe.*
 Flaes, *fleas.*
 Faufe, *false.*
 Flaw, *to lie; also a lie.*
 Furlit,

Furlet, a corn or meal-measure, consisting of four pecks.

Fear'd, afraid.

Fleech, flatter.

Foragaint, over-against.

Foryet, forget.

Fand, found.

Flighter, to flutter.

Flype, to flae the skin off.

Farder, farther.

Fear, fleg, to frighten.

Fain, fond, willing.

Pawn, fallen.

Fawt, fault.

Fath, to trouble.

Fleid, afflicted.

G

GAc, go; also gave.

Gowans, daisies.

Gowany, full of daisies.

Grane, to groan or sigh.

Gar, to make, or force.

Gat, got.

Grein, to long for, or thirst after.

Gear, goods, wealth.

Gecks, loaths.

Gif, gin, if.

Glowre, to stare.

Glowring, staring.

Gawn, going.

Grip, to hold fast.

Grips, the holding fast with the hands.

Gloom, a frown.

Gang, go.

Ganging, going.

Gie, give.

Gabs, mouths.

Grace drink, grace cup.

Greet, to cry.

Gane, gone.

Gets, brats, children.

Giglit, gilsirt.

Gate, the ways; also the manner of a person.

Gusty, savoury.

Glee, mirth.

Glen, a vale.

Gaits, goats.

Gade, went.

Gawky, a foolish wench.

Gree, degree.

Grit, great.

Girning, grinning.

Grat, cry'd.

Gowd, gold.

Ghast, ghost.

Gowk, cuckoo; also fool.

Gates, ways, courses.

H

HAme, home.

Hameward, homeward.

Heartsome, glad some, pleasant.

Hinder night, last night.

Haffet, side of the face.

Hinny, honey.

Hound, hunt.

Hawlock, wool next the windpipe.

Hald, had, bold.

Height, top of the hill.

Howm, a valley by a river.

Het, hot.

Healthfu', healthful.

Haith, indeed, in faith.

Herds, fwains, shepherds.

Heh! bah!

Heffs, lodges, inhabits.

Halesome, wholesome.

Heather braes, hills on which heath grows.

Hidlings, lurking-places.

G

Hadna, had not.

Hieryestreen, the night before last.

Haggies, a sort of pudding.

Haff, half.

Howk, to dig.

Humlock, hemlock.

Hawkies, cows.

Howdy, a midwife.

Hing, hang.

Heather-bells, heath-buds.

Hechts, promises.

Hallon-side, by a holily tree.

Hae, have.

Ha', hall.

Howt, fy.

Haffen, partly.

Hool, the shell.

Hobleshew, a mobbisto riot or quarrel.

Haly, holy.

Hodden gray, a coarse gray cloth.

Hapt, cover'd up.

Happing, hopping, falling down.

I

ILka, each, every.

Jo, sweet-heart.

I'se, I shall, or will.

Ingle-side, fire-side.

Ither, other; also one another.

Ingans, onions.

K

KEns, knows.

Kend, know, known.

Kiltit, tuck'd up.

Kames, combs.

Kittle, to tickle; it also signifies difficult, or dangerous.

Kail-yard, kitchen-garden.

Kirn'd, churn'd.

- Kenna**, know not.
Ky, cows.
Kirn, churn.
Kent, a large sick, or shepherd's pole.
L
Lugs, ears.
Leglens, milking pails.
Loan, milking-place.
Lofs, to lose.
Lout, to sloop.
Low, flame.
Lowan, burning, flaming.
Lang, long.
Looes, loves.
Lowp, to leap.
Lowping, leaping.
Leel, sincere, honest.
Linkan, stepping briskly or hastily.
Lee, fallow land.
Lap, leap'd.
Leugh, laugh'd.
Lift, the sky; also to remove.
Lin, a precipice, or natural cascade, from whence the water falls.
Lave, the rest.
Langsome, tiresome, tedious.
Laird, landlord; in general, for any man of an estate.
Lyart, hoary, gray.
Lucky, gamner.
Laith, loath.
Laverocks, larks.
Lilt, to sing briskly.
Lilted, merrily chanted.
Luggies, bowls.
Lear, to learn.
Lair, learning.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Lee'd, ly'd.
Leen, to leave off, give over.
Landwart, country, rural, clownish.
Labour'd, thresh'd.
Lows'd, unty'd, loos'd.
M
Moun, must.
Mair, more.
Mony, many.
Mint, to aim at, or make a motion to do any thing.
Missluck, misfortunes.
Mak, make.
Meg Dorts, Mrs Scornful.
Miscaw', to miscall, or call names.
Meikle, much.
Meiklett, largest.
Maist, most.
Maiks, mates, wives.
Midden, dunghill.
Maiuens, farms.
Manna, must not.
Muck, dung.
Mither, mother.
Mear, mare.
Mirk, dark, to darken.
Merle, merlin.
Mavis, thrush.
Mansworn, perjurd, forsworn.
Mouse-mark, the mark on a child of any thing thrown at the mother while pregnant.
Mennin, minnow.
Mac, more.
N
NA, no, not.
Nae, no.
Nane, none.
Nibour, neighbour.
Nowt, oxen.
Needna, need not.
Neilt, next.
Nocht, nought.
New mawn, new mowed.
No, not.
Newcal, young calves.
Nives, double fists.
Nor, than.
O
ONY, any.
Out-o'er, hanging over; also, quite over.
Our lane, alone, by ourselves.
O'erlay, a cravat.
O'erlaid, overlaid, or overwhelm'd.
O'erput, to overcome.
Oure, over, too much.
Orp, to writhe one's self.
Or, before.
Owk, week.
O't, of it.
Oxter, armpit.
Owfen, oxen.
P
PAT, did put:
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Propine, a present.
Peebles, pebbles.
Pensylie, fantastically.
Peeet-stack, stack of dry'd turf for fuel.
Pow, a skull.
Prines, pins.
Popilan, poppling.
Poortith, poverty.
Pou, pull.
Peat-ingle, turf-fire.
Pouch, pocket.
Pouehfu', pocket full.
Pawkily, sily, cunningly.
Pleugh, a plough.
Pith, strength.
Pettled, fondl'd, pamper'd.
Pithless, faint, weak.
R
ROwing, rowan, rolling.
Row'd, roll'd; or wrapp'd.

- Redd up, to clean up. Spring, a tune.
or clear up; also to Speak, to ask.
tell to be afraid. to Saebeins, since it is so.
part folks quarrel- Snooded, filleted, ty'd
ling.
Revel'd, entangled. Skiffing, skipping.
Rin, run. Saul, soul.
Routh, plenty. Sair, sore.
Rife, abundant, plenti- Sets, the stripes or
ful. rows of colours in
Rackit rent, rack- weaving.
rent. Siller, silver.
Reefling, drying. Sprains, stripes, or
Rant, to make merry. rows.
Ranting, rousing, jolly. Shave, a slice.
Rash, green, or young. Singand, singing.
Rashy, rushy, or grown Strack, struck.
over with rushes. Scart, to scrape; also
Rashes, rushes. to scratch.
Roos'd, prais'd. Skaith, loss, damage.
Rousted, grown stiff, Scads, scalds.
or rusty. Sald, sold.
Rew, to repent, relent. Scething, boiling.
Rowt, to low, or make Stend, to take long
a great noise. steps.
Roudes, a hard name. Stent, to task; also to
Rock, a distaff. stint.
Rever, rover or pirate. Scorn'd, threaten'd.
Rucks, ricks. Sled, sledge.
Reek, smoke. Sung, sing'd.
Roove, confirm, or Snuff! pish! also to
rivet. take snuff.
S
Sall, scall. Slaw, slow.
Saughs, willow- Shaw, a little wood.
trees. Swat, sweated.
Sae, so. Slec, fly.
Spill, spoil. Skelfs, shelves.
Slid, smooth, slippery. Strapan, strapping,
Syne, since, then. lusty.
Smoor, smother. Spaining, weaning.
Smoor'd, smother'd. Spaemen, fortune-
Sma', small. tellers.
Snaw, snow. Saws, prognostications.
Sic, such. Spae, to tell fortunes.
Sell, self. Snood, a fillet or gar-
Sark, shirt. land.
Sayna, say nat. Sarns, stars.
Samen, the same.

G 2

- Skair, a share, to share.
Steght, cramm'd,
stuff'd.
Sornan, mumping or
begging.
Scrimp, ill-provided.
Scrimpit, stinted.
Sindle, seldom.
Siccan, such like.
Slavering, drivelling
or slobbering.
Snaw-ba's, jakes.
Swith, soon, swiftly.
Shoon, shoes.
Stang, stung.
Swaird, the surface of
the grass.
Stanes, stones.
Stap, stop.
Siwn, sown.
Sincefyne, ever since.
Sakeless, forsaken, de-
stitute of friends.
Staw, stole.
Skelpit, to be slapt, or
whipt on the poste-
riors.
Sicek, to shut.

T

- T
Tenting, tending.
Thrawart, cross,
or evil.
Tod, a fox.
Thole, endure, suffer.
Till, to.
Tald, told.
Tint, lost.
Thrievless, trifling,
needleless.
Trow, to be sure of,
to know, to believe.
Tak, take.
Tane, taken.
Twa, two.
Tent, to take notice of,
to watch, observe,
or remark.
Tyke, dog.
Trig spruce, clean.
Tarrow,

Redd

- Tarrows, leaths.
 Tether-stake, halter-
 stake.
 Thae, these.
 Thirle, thrill.
 Tynes, to lose.
 Trone, the name of a
 particular market-
 place.
 Thack, thatch.
 Taids, toads.
 Than, then.
 Thrang, the crowd,
 or throng.
 Titty, sister.
 Tafs, a cup.
 Thow, to thaw, or
 melt.
 The, thee.
 Tryst, appointment, to
 appoint.
 Tocher, tocher good,
 one's portion or for-
 tune.
 Teill, to till.
 To, too.
 Tuilzie, a broil, also
 to quarrel.
 Towin'd, slap'd, bang-
 ed.
- U
 UNlikely, unperson-
 able, unseemly,
 improbable.
 Unco, strangely, won-
 derfully; also strange,
 wonderful.
- Unsonsy, unlucky, dia-
 bolical.
 Unscrapit, filthy, or
 what wants scraping.
- V
 Virles, rings.
 Vissy, to take a
 view.
- W
 WArldly, worldly.
 Winsome, en-
 gaging, delightful.
 Wathers, wedders.
 Wad, would.
 Wha, who.
 Wat, wot.
 Whinging, whining.
 Wist, knew.
 Waff, lonely.
 Wi', with.
 Wie, little.
 Wood, mad.
 Wordy, worthy.
 Wimpling, winding.
 Wark, work.
 Whirles, eddies.
 Whilk, which.
 Wean, child.
 War, worse.
 Wins, gains.
 Woo, wool; also to
 court.
 Wilfire, wildfire.
 Wale, to chuse, the
 choice.
 Withershins, to move
 contrary ways.
- Warlock, wizard.
 Weil, well.
 Wae, woe, also sor-
 rowful.
 Wife, old woman.
 Wyte, blame.
 Wrang, wrong.
 Westlin, western.
 Whins, furz.
 Whase, whose.
 Whisht, hush.
 Wimpled, intricate.
 Waws, walls.
 Warst, worst.
 Wow, strange.
 Winna, will not.
 Wound, wound up, or
 wrapt round with
 any thing.
 Ware, to expend, lay
 out, to sift, to pump
 out a secret.
 Withouten, without.
 Watnawhats, nobody
 knows what.
 Win, to dwell.
 Wrights, joiners.
 Woodly, madly.
- Y
 Yowl'd, howl'd.
 Yont, beyond.
 Yelping, used to ex-
 press the noise made
 by the barking of a
 puppy, or the crying
 of a child.
 Youdith, youth.

d.

for-

n.

n.

cate.

t.

up, or
with

ad, lay
pump

thout.
nobody

s.

d.

ond.

to ex-
se made
g of a
crying